

A DELL
10¢
MAGAZINE

FEB.-MARCH, NO. 19

ANIMAL

comics



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



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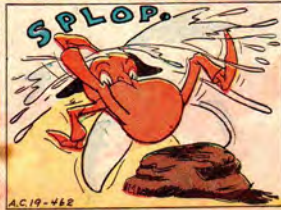
MIXED FAMILIES

It was raining very hard, so the woods seemed dark and dreary. None of the animals were scampering about, for on such a gloomy day they stayed in their homes. Bunny, a tiny baby rabbit, lay huddled at the bottom of his nest, wondering what in the world it could possibly be all about; because, you see, he had never been in a rain storm before. Ever-so-often, the wind

would blow a little swish of rain into his nest, making Bunny quite damp and unhappy. "Goodness," he thought, "This is very uncomfortable!"

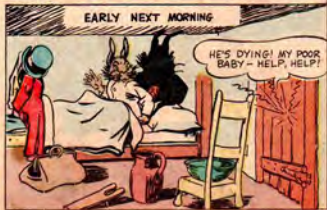
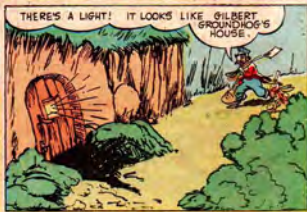
Well, it rained harder and harder, and the wind blew stronger and stronger. Bunny's little fur coat was wet right through to his skin. He commenced to shiver and shake, which didn't help matters any, for the rain

(Continued on last page)

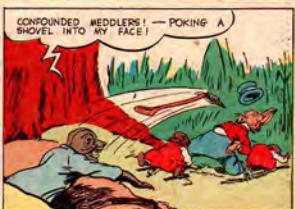
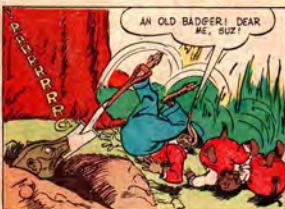


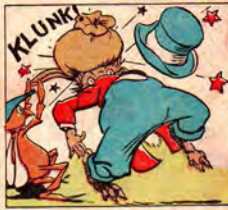
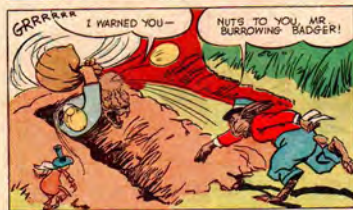






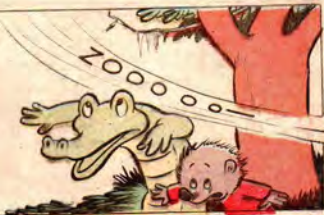








ALBERT and Pogo



WHO WAS DAT WHUT ZOOMED AT US, POGO?



A PUFFICK STRANGER TO ME, ALBERT.



HE MOUGHT BE A STRANGER, BUT HE AINT SO PUFFICK

WHY HE A BIG OL' INSECK!

HMMMMM DMMMMM

WHAT A DUMP! SO THIS IS THE SUNNY SOUTH! THE JOINT IS JUMPIN' WITH SOLID BOREDDM.



OH, WELL! C'EST LA GUERRE, AS THEY SAY IN PATERSON A JERSEY MOSQUITO HAS A LOT OF BOUNCE



I'LL DIG UP SOME CATS AROUND THIS STICK FACTORY AND SEND 'EM WITH SOMETHIN' CONCRETE AND TORRID.



JUS' A MINUTE DERE, BUG! WHERE AT YO' FINK YO' GOIN'?



OH, BROTHER! GET THAT SUCCOTASH ACCENT! WHUFFO YO' WANNA KNOW JACKSON?

MA NAME AINT JACKSON-AH IS ALBERT-ALBERT DE WELL KNOWN ALLIGATOR.



AN ALLIGATOR! YOU?!



YASSUH, AH IS A NATCHERALL BORN AN' HAN'SOME ALLIGATOR OF DE FUST WATER.

ME? I'M CITRONELLA JONES, THE SHARPEST SKEETER IN 48 STATES.

WHO IS YOU?



DASH WHUT US GITS FO' NOT PUTTIN' DE SCREENS UP IN DISH YERE SWAMP.

WHAT DO THEY CALL YOU WHEN THEY AINT LAUGHIN'?



AH IS PONCE DE LEON MONTGOMERY COUNTY ALABAMA GEORGIA BEAUREGARD POSSUM.

YOU SOUND LIKE A HEP TRAIN ANNOUNCER



OR POGO FO' SHORT.

POGO FO' SHO'TNIN' BRAID? HESH MA MOUF!



HEAR DAT ACCENT? DE BOY IS A NORTHERN MAN.



LOOK YERE, CITRONELLA JONES, YO' KIN JE'S NATCHERALLY GO BACK TO TH' NORTH AN' BUZZ AROUND! US DONT WANT NO MO' BIG INSECKS-US GOT ENUFF NOW!



LISSEN! I'M TAKIN' OVER THIS SWAMP-IN A WEEK I'LL MUSCLE YOU ALL OUT!



YOU THINK YOU'VE HAD SKEETER BITES BEFORE? YOU'LL HAVE TO SCRATCH MINE WITH A RAKE!



WHY, DAT NO 'COUNT BUG! AH GOT A GOOD MINE TO BUY ME A SPRAY GUN!

WELL, SKEETERIN' IS HIS TRADE, ALBERT. YO' GOTTA EXPECK HE'LL SKEETER IF HE KIN.



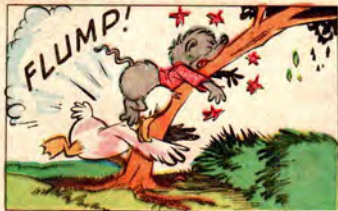
AN' FEUDIN' IS MA PERFESSION! DAT BUG DONE MET HIS MATCH! AH WILL DOOL HIM TO DE DEATH!

BUT FINK OF DE JOY SKEETERS GIVES YO' AH ALLUS ENJOYS SCROTCHIN' SKEETER BITES. DEY IS SUM'FIN' RESTFUL 'BOUT IT.



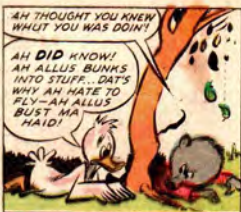






AH THOUGHT YOU KNEW
WHUT YOU WAS DOIN'!

AH DID KNOW!
AH ALLUS BUNKS
INTO STUFF... DAT'S
WHY AH HATE TO
FLY-AH ALLUS
BUST MA
HAID!



WHY DONT US CLIMB A
TREE-YOU JUMPS OFF AN'
START FLAPPIN'... DEN
YO' WILL BE FLYIN'!

SO AH WILL.



AH NEVER
BEEN UP
SO HIGH IN
MA LIFE

ME
NEITHER



AH WILL HELP YOU FLAP
WHEN US GITS OFF
DE LIMB.

DAT'S
NICE



WHEE!



YOU FLYIN' FINE,
MISTUH AIG HAID.



SPLOP!



AH SUTTINLY ADMIRE YO' FLYIN'
MISTUH NOONAN-YO FIGGER
AH KIN STOP HELPIN'
YOU FLAP NOW?

SHIP YOU DONE
DEE-SERT YOUR
PILOT!

AH GITS
AIRSICK.

YO' AIN'T
HAD NO NAVY
TRAININ'!

POGO FLYIN' PERTY
GOOD—BUT HE'LL
NEVER MAKE A
GOOD BUTTERFLY.

GIMME
A HAND,
OWL.

DERE! DAT'S A
ANNIE-AIR-
CRAFT GUN FO
TO PROTECT
POGO.

SHO, OL
POGO SO BUSY
FLYIN' HE CAIN'T
FIGHT OFF DE
SKEETER.

WHEN DE SKEETER
SHOW UP, AH
CUTS DE
ROPE.

DEN UP FLIES DE MUD
BALL AND BOPS DE
SKEETER—BUT FUST
AH BETTER FIGGER
DE RANGE OUT.

YOU BETTER START
FIGGERIN' HOWLAND,
'CAUSE DERE COMES
CITRONELLA JONES.

AH HATE TO SAY IT,
BUT AH FINK AH
IS UP YERE
ALL ALONE!

AH ISN'T SO MUCH
ALONE AS AH IS
WIFOUT SUPPORT.

WELL, RUFFLE MY
HAIR AND CALL ME
BOYISH! YOU'RE
FLYIN'!

OF COURSE! AH IS
A FLYIN' POSSUM
NAME OF POGO.

DO ALL YOU
CHARACTERS
FLY?





CUBBY and TUBBY

FOR MORE THAN A DAY NOW MOMMY HADNT ANSWERED THE URGENT PLEADINGS OF CUBBY AND TUBBY FOR FOOD. WHIMPERING, THE HUNGRY CUBS SET OUT TO FORAGE FOR THEMSELVES.



WHAT WAS THIS DOWN THE GORGE?



"LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF HOUSES TO ME," SAID TUBBY, "THERE'S ONE WITH THE DOOR OPEN."



"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?" ANSWERED TUBBY, "BETTER HAVE A LOOK INSIDE."



"BUT YOU DONT HAVE TO JUMP ON ME," HE COMPLAINED.



"NOW, LET'S JUMP BACK AGAIN!"
BUT AT THAT MOMENT —



THE TRAIN STARTED
WITH A JERK.



"HMM — SAY, DOES THIS SMELL
GOOD?" EXCLAIMED CUBBY.



"WHY IT'S SUGAR!" THEY CRIED, "RIPPING INTO
THE SACKS, "BUT IT ISN'T COLD."



"AND BOY, DOES IT TASTE GOOD! I'M FULL!"



"WHOOPS! SAID TUBBY, AS
THE TRAIN LURCHED AROUND A CURVE,
"DO YOU FEEL FUNNY?" HE ASKED CUBBY.



"I DO, AND LOOK! EVERYTHING'S ACTING FUNNY—IT'S MOVING!"



"WOW! WE MUST BE SICK!"



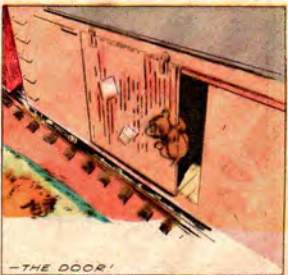
AT THAT MOMENT WHO SHOULD WHIZ BY BUT A TRAVELING RAT, DISTURBED BY THEIR CARRYING ON.



"HEY THERE, MR. RAT—WAIT!" THE CUBS CRIED, RUNNING AFTER HIM.



BUT MR RAT HAD DARTED IN BEHIND A SACK, AND CUBBY WENT SLIDING—RIGHT—OUT—



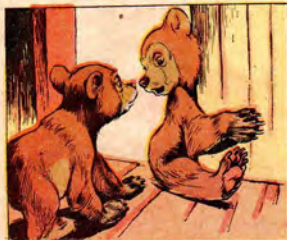
—THE DOOR!



WHAP! WENT A PASSING TREE BRANCH AGAINST TUBBY'S TAIL.



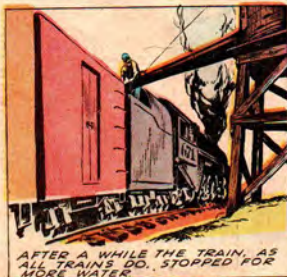
"THIS IS NO PLACE TO BE, EVERYTHING MOVING AROUND LIKE IT IS," GRUNTED CUBBY.



"WELL, WHERE'D YOU GO TO?" ASKED TUBBY. "I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT SURE WAS WINDY," ANSWERED CUBBY.



WELL, THEY WERE PRETTY TIRED THEN, SO THEY CRAWLED UNDER A SACK AND DOZED OFF.



AFTER A WHILE THE TRAIN, AS ALL TRAINS DO, STOPPED FOR MORE WATER.



AND UP ALONG THE TRAIN WALKED THE BRAKEMAN, CHECKING EACH CAR, AND NOTING THE OPEN DOOR, HE SAW THE TWO CUBS, ASLEEP.



"WELL, I'LL BE—! HEY, JOE!" HE CALLED. "SUGAR, THIEVES DOWN HERE AGAIN!"



"COME HERE, YOU RASCALS!" AND HE GRABBED THE SQUIRMING PAIR.



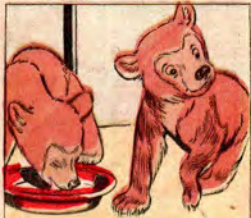
"HERE THEY ARE, JOE," HE SAID WHEN THE CONDUCTOR WALKED UP. "HERE'S A PAIR OF THIEVES IF I EVER SAW ANY." AND HE LAUGHED.



"WELL," SAID THE CONDUCTOR, "WE'LL JUST HAVE TO TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CABOOSE AND—"



"—FEED THEM!" AND THEY PUSHED THE CUBS' NOSES INTO A SAUCER OF MILK.



"SAY, THIS ISN'T BAD AT ALL," CUBBY TOLD TUBBY. BUT TUBBY COULDN'T HEAR HIM, HE WAS GULPING IT DOWN SO NOISILY.



WHEN THE MILK WAS FINISHED THEY DID JUST WHAT THEY ALWAYS DID—THEY STARTED TO EXPLORE. UP INTO THE TOP OF THE CABOOSE.



"WELL, BOYS," SAID THE CONDUCTOR, "WANT TO HAVE A LOOK, DO YOU?"



BUT THE CUBS WEREN'T SATISFIED JUST LOOKING OUT THE WINDOW—THEY WALKED RIGHT OUT "HEY, COME HERE, YOU YOUNG ROGUES!" CRIED THE CONDUCTOR.



"OH, OH, THERE'S THAT WIND AGAIN!" SAID CUBBY, AND HE CROUCHED DOWN BEHIND THE CUPOLA.



"WHERE DID YOU THINK YOU WERE GOING?" ASKED THE CONDUCTOR, AS CUBBY STARTED DOWN.



BUT AS FOR TUBBY WELL, HE DECIDED TO MOVE ON A LITTLE, SO HE SCAMPERED UP AND JUMPED TO THE NEXT CAR.



"NOW WHERE'S THE OTHER BOY?" WONDERED THE CONDUCTOR. "I CAN'T SEE HIM, HE MUST HAVE FALLEN OFF."



"I'M SORRY, BUB, BUT I THINK WE'VE LOST YOUR BROTHER," THE CONDUCTOR TOLD CUBBY.



"BUT DON'T FEEL BAD," HE HASTENED TO ADD, FOR POOR CUBBY HAD STARTED TO CRY.



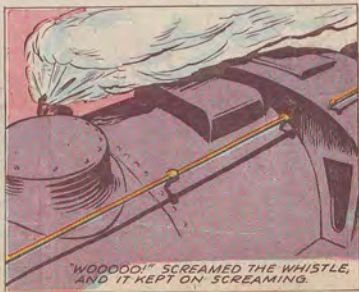
AS FOR TUBBY, HE WAS SEEING THE WORLD—AND HOW FAST IT WENT BY HIM!



NOW WHAT WAS THIS STRANGE BUSINESS UP HERE? AND WHAT A RACKET IT MADE!



AND WHAT WAS THIS FELLOW LOOKING AT? "I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING," HE TOLD HIMSELF.





"COME HERE, YOU LITTLE DICKENS!"
CRIED THE FIREMAN, GRABBING
AT TUBBY.



AND BACK IN THE CABOOSE, WHEN CUBBY
HEARD THE WHISTLE, "WHAT'S THAT?" HE THOUGHT
AND JUST TO BE SAFE HE JUMPED AND GRABBED—



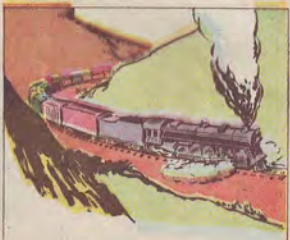
—THE EMERGENCY CORD, AND THE TRAIN —



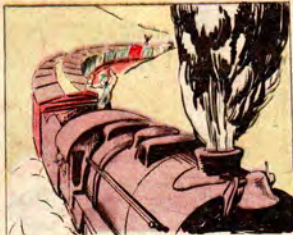
— STOPPED! —



BANGO WENT THE FIREMAN AND
TUBBY, AND THEY FELL DOWN WITH
A LURCH.



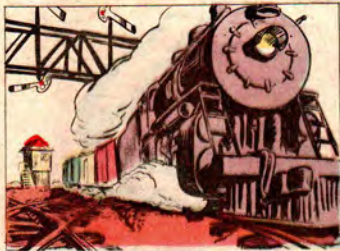
THE TRAIN STOOD STILL FOR JUST
A MINUTE.



"EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT," CAME THE SIGNAL, AND THE TRAIN STARTED OFF AGAIN.



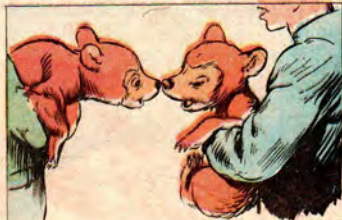
BUT THIS TIME TUBBY SAT ON THE FIREMAN'S LAP, HELD TIGHT.



WELL, IT WASN'T LONG AFTER THAT, THAT THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE YARDS.



"NOW I'LL JUST TAKE YOU BACK AND SHOW YOU TO THE CABOOSE GANG," SAID THE FIREMAN.



"SAV, JOE LOOK AT—WHY SAY YOU HAVE ONE TOO! AND WERE THE CUBS GLAD TO SEE EACH OTHER." WELL," SAID THE BRAKEMAN TO THE FIREMAN, "IT LOOKS AS IF WE HAVE MASCOTS!" AND THEY DID.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF August 19th and 20th, 1938, of Annual Circulation Statement, as Required by the Act of August 19th and 20th, 1938, as amended by the Act of August 24, 1942, as amended by the Act of August 19, 1943, included in sections 110, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, is as follows:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delmar, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the name of the publication is: *THE CUBS*, published weekly, New York, N. Y., by George T. Delmar, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Delmar, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known contributors, managers, and other persons looking toward publishing a per cent or more of total amount of books, newspapers, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the contributors and other persons, if any, are: The names of all contributors and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the contributors or security holders appear upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements indicating that the full name and full name of the corporation and trustees under which contributors and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that the above has been true so far as any other person, association, or corporation has any control, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities, which are or were the property of the company.


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In WINTER

IN WINTER WHEN THE BIRDS FLY SOUTH
THE RIVER'S FROZEN TO ITS MOUTH.

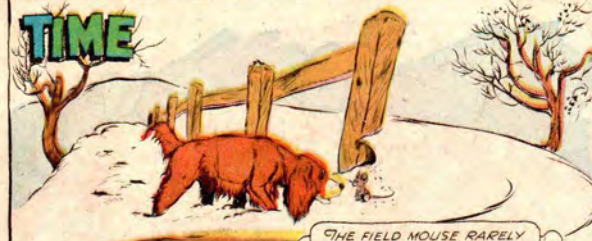


THE BEARS, WHO ALL THE SUMMER ATE,
CRAWL INTO CAVES AND HIBERNATE.




AND MR RABBIT'S COAT OF BROWN
IS CHANGED INTO A SNOWY DOWN.


TIME



THE FIELD MOUSE RARELY LEAVES HIS NEST, HE THINKS ITS WARMTH IS MUCH THE BEST.

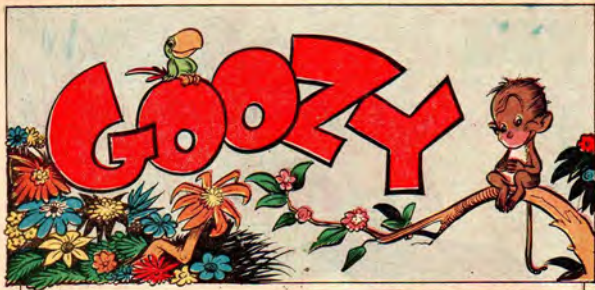


UP IN HIS TREE THE FAT RACCOON STIRS SLEEPILY AND THINKS OF JUNE.



YOU KNOW, I GUESS THE ONLY ONE THAT THINKS THE WINTER TIME IS FUN—

IS ME!







AND THERE'S THE VERY
MAN! TUSCALOOGA
BEHEMOTH!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
HE'S BIG AND
TOUGH AND
FEARLESS.

WE'RE SMART—ALL WE
HAVE TO DO IS ASK!
THIS HUGE HULK OF
COURAGEOUS MUSCLE
WILL BE GLAD TO BE
KING OF THE JUNGLE.

TUSCALOOGA
IS OUR
MAN!

HELLO, MISTER
TUSCALOOGA.
HOW WOULD YOU
LIKE TO BE
KING OF THE
JUNGLE?

YEAH,
AND BOSS
EVERYBODY
AND KEEP
ORDER.

THINGS ARE IN
A BAD STATE
HERE—CRIMINALS
AND OUTLAWS
ALL OVER THE
PLACE—WE
NEED A STRONG
BOY FOR
HEAD MAN.

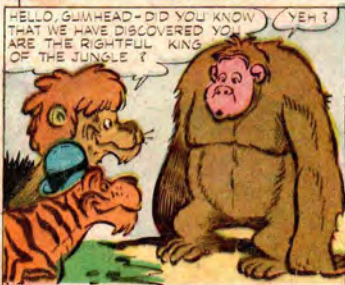
RIGHT!
I'LL TAKE
THE JOB.

YOU'LL DO NOTHING
OF THE KIND—
YOU'LL GO HOME
AND SWEEP OUT
THE CELLAR!

YES,
DEAR.











SILVERSHOES

WHEN THE CROWD GATHERS EVERY FALL AT SWILE PARK IN ELAVILLE FOR THE BIG AND FINAL DAY OF TROTTING RACES, THERE IS A ONE HORSE EVENT THAT DRAWS MORE APPLAUSE THAN THE CHAMPION.



IT IS THE APPEARANCE OF THE SCRAPER CART THAT SMOOTHS DOWN THE TRACK BEFORE EACH RACE.



THEY DON'T CALL HIM A SCRAPER CART, BUT THE HORSE IS THE CHAMPION.



"WHY IS THAT DAD? ASKED A LITTLE BOY ONE DAY. 'WELL, BOY THEY CHEER THAT 'OL HORSE!'"

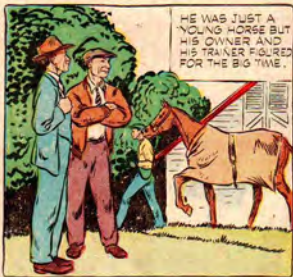


"'CAUSE THAT HORSE," ANSWERED HIS FATHER. "THAT HORSE IS THE CHAMPION OF THEM ALL. THAT'S 'BAY TANOVER" - I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY -"

WAY BACK BEFORE YOUR TIME—MUST HAVE BEEN FIFTEEN YEARS AGO—SILVERSHOES WAS ABOUT TO START RACING.



HE WAS JUST A YOUNG HORSE BUT HIS OWNER AND HIS TRAINER FIGURED FOR THE BIG TIME.

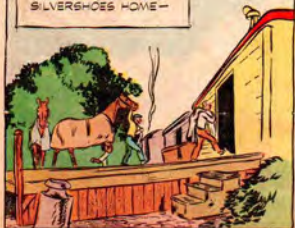


AND HE WAS, FOR HE DID PRETTY GOOD THAT YEAR—WINNING QUITE A BIT—



AND SHOWING HE WAS A GAME HORSE EVEN WHEN HE LOST.

SO WHEN THE RACING SEASON WAS OVER AND THEY SHIPPED SILVERSHOES HOME—



EVERYBODY AROUND THE HOME STABLE LOOKED FOR BIG THINGS FROM SILVERSHOES THE NEXT YEAR.

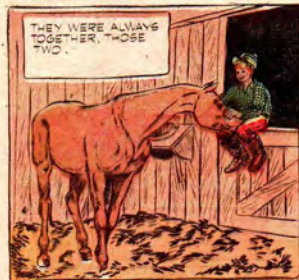




DURING THE WINTER SILVERSHOES MOSTLY LOAFED, AND HE DID THAT MOSTLY WITH HIS STABLE BOY —



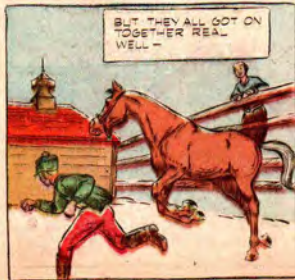
WHO SURELY LOVED THAT LITTLE BAY HORSE, AND I GUESS THE HORSE LOVED HIM TOO.



THEY WERE ALWAYS TOGETHER, THOSE TWO.



EXCEPT WHEN THE OWNER'S DAUGHTER CAME ROUND AND THEN THEY WERE THREE.



BUT THEY ALL GOT ON TOGETHER REAL WELL —



PARTICULARLY THAT STABLE BOY AND THE OWNER'S DAUGHTER.



ALONG TOWARDS
FEBRUARY CAME A
REAL BAD STORM.



IT BLEW MIGHTY HARD,
OUT THERE IN THE
COUNTRY.....



BLEW JUST HARD
ENOUGH TO TILT OVER
A BIG ELM—ON THE
OWNER'S DAUGHTER.



SHE WAS HURT BADLY
AND THEY CARRIED
HER INTO THE HOUSE.



WELL, THEY
COULDN'T CALL
A DOCTOR—CAUSE
THE LINES WERE
ALL DOWN.



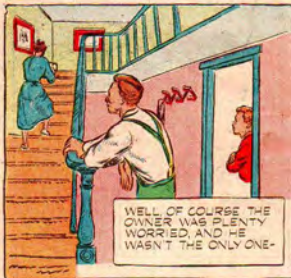
—AND NO CAR
MADE COULD HAVE
BUCKED THOSE
DRIFTS.



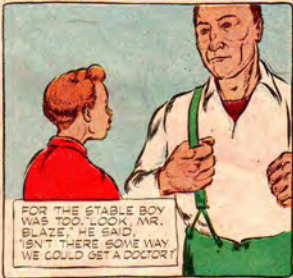
THE GIRL WAS
PRETTY SICK -



AND THE STORM JUST
GREW WORSE INSTEAD
OF BETTER - SO THAT BY
NIGHTFALL IT WAS VERY
BAD.



WELL, OF COURSE THE
OWNER WAS PLENTY
WORRIED, AND HE
WASN'T THE ONLY ONE-



FOR THE STABLE BOY
WAS TOO. LOOK, MR.
BLAZE," HE SAID,
"ISN'T THERE SOME WAY
WE COULD GET A DOCTOR?"



"NOT THE WAY IT IS
NOW," THE OWNER
TOLD HIM.



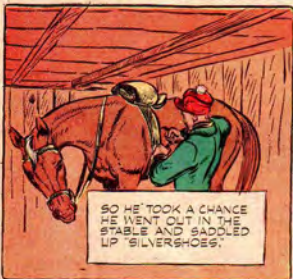
"I KNOW A CAR CAN'T
MAKE IT, MR. BLAZE,
BUT A HORSE MIGHT,"
THE BOY SAID.



"NO, LAD, NO HORSE
COULD CARRY A
MAN TO THE DOCTOR
AND BACK IN THIS
STORM." —



AND THEN THE BOY
GOT AN IDEA —
"MAYBE A HORSE
COULD CARRY A
BOY THROUGH —
HE THOUGHT.



SO HE TOOK A CHANCE
HE WENT OUT IN THE
STABLE AND SADDLED
UP "SILVERSHOES."



AND LED HIM OUT
INTO THE STORM
—AND STARTED
OFF.



WELL, IT WAS TOUGH GOING,
THEY BUCKED BIG DRIFTS
AND THE WIND —



AND GALLOPED WHEN
THEY CAME TO ANY
CLEAR SPACES.



THEY STRUGGLED
ALONG THE ROAD
MORE OFTEN OFF
IT THAN ON IT.



AND ALL THE TIME
THEY HAD TO KEEP
ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR FALLING TREES.



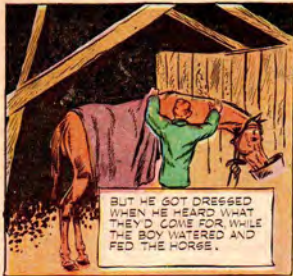
OR FOR SINK HOLES
THEY COULDN'T SEE
TILL THEY WERE
RIGHT ON TOP OF THEM.



AFTER A LONG TIME
THEY CAME UP ON A
RICKETY BRIDGE AND
THERE ACROSS THE GORGE
WAS THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.



THE DOCTOR WAS
MIGHTY GURDGED
TO SEE THEM SHOW
UP.



BUT HE GOT DRESSED WHEN HE HEARD WHAT THEY'D COME FOR, WHILE THE BOY WATERED AND FED THE HORSE.



"BUT LOOK HERE, SON," SAID THE DOCTOR—"HOW AM I TO GET BACK THERE —"



I HAVE NO HORSE THAT COULD MAKE THAT TRIP—NOT IN THIS STORM.



'SILVERSHOES WILL TAKE YOU DOCTOR—THE BOY ANSWERED—'HE'S A CHAMPION, THAT HORSE.'



WELL, THE DOCTOR TRIED TO ARGUE, BUT THE BOY CONVINCED HIM, AND HE STARTED OUT —



NOW, THAT TRIP TO THE DOCTOR'S WAS HARD ENOUGH, BUT NOW THAT HORSE HAD TO MAKE THE SAME TRIP BACK WITH THE ADDED WEIGHT.



THE DOCTOR HADN'T ANY MORE THAN GOTTEN AWAY FROM HIS FENCE WHEN HE SAW HE HAD LOTS OF TROUBLE IN FRONT OF HIM.



FOR THE BRIDGE ABOVE THE GORGE HAD BEEN BLOWN DOWN!



BUT BEFORE THE DOCTOR KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING SILVERHOES HAD BROKEN INTO A RUN.



AND WITH A MIGHTY LEAP HE JUMPED THE GORGE!



AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG TRIP THE DOCTOR COULD SEE THAT PLUCKY LITTLE HORSE WAS LIMPING.



WELL, WHEN THE DOCTOR EXAMINED THE GIRL HE TURNED AND SAID — IF I HADN'T COME WHEN I DID, IT WOULD BE TOO LATE — BUT I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.



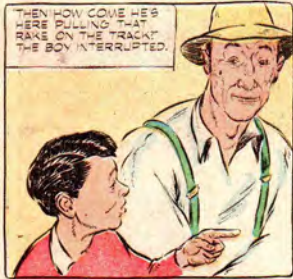
"SHE'S ALL RIGHT," SAID THE DOCTOR THE NEXT MORNING - "BUT I'M SURE SORRY ABOUT THAT HORSE."



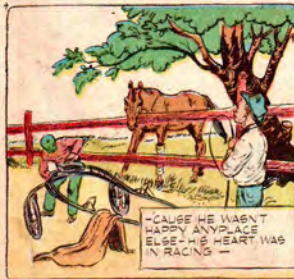
"WHY?" - ASKED THE OWNER - "BECAUSE HIS LEFT LEG IS RUINED FROM THAT JUMP HE MADE TO GET ME HERE," EXPLAINED THE DOC.



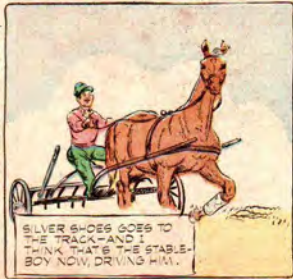
THEY TRIED EVERYTHING - GAVE HIM THE BEST OF CARE BUT IT WAS NO USE - THEY HAD TO TURN SILVER SHOES OUT TO GRAZE.



THEN HOW COME HE'S HERE PULLING THAT RAKE ON THE TRACK? THE BOY INTERRUPTED.



- CAUSE HE WASN'T HAPPY ANYPLACE ELSE - HIS HEART WAS IN RACING -



SILVER SHOES GOES TO THE TRACK - AND I THINK THAT'S THE STABLE-BOY NOW, DRIVING HIM.

MIXED FAMILIES

(Continued from inside front cover)

continued to pour down. Soon, Bunny's nest was full of water and he had been washed right out. Over and over he rolled along the muddy ground, becoming more miserable by the second, until when at last he stopped tumbling, there was no colder, muddier, wetter, or more unhappy rabbit in the whole wide world than Bunny.

Just when he had about given up hope of anything nice ever happening to him again, he was picked up and carried off. Presently, he found himself inside a warm house. He looked up into the face of a big collie dog. At first he was frightened by the larger animal, but the big dog soon made it plain that he felt terribly sorry that a poor little rabbit had had such a bad time. It ended with little Bunny snuggled up next to the collie, whose name was Butch, and both of them sound asleep.

That sounds like a make-believe story, doesn't it? Because anyone can tell you that rabbits and dogs never mix and that if a dog sees a rabbit he chases it with all his might. But it so happens that Butch and Bunny are different as you can see by their picture. They met just as the story said, and Butch has appointed himself Bunny's full time guardian. They sleep together and play together, with Butch watching to see that no harm comes to Bunny. Of course, Butch's folks have to help feed Bunny because he is still too little to know how to eat by himself, and must be fed from an eyedropper, but Butch stands by to see that every thing is done right, and that Bunny is getting enough to eat. He has made up his mind that Bunny isn't going to get into any more trouble like he had on that rainy day.

You could point out that there are lots of Mixed Families in the animal world so you aren't too surprised. Or that collies are especially nice dogs anyway and are inclined to protect other animals. You would be quite right about it too, for collies are unusually gentle and good, and there are some mighty strange animal families.

Very few animals, no matter how alien they might be will refuse to give help to another animal if it is lost or injured, and often from the aid, that one gives to the other, lasting friendships grow.

However, when natural enemies become pals, that is news. It is difficult to imagine just how Tiny, who is a black cat, and his pal, a blackbird named Butch, ever got together. Perhaps Butch was left behind one winter when the rest of his family flew south, and Tiny, feeling sorry for him, invited him to move in with his folks. Well, Butch did and liked it so well, he just stayed on and on until he was adopted by Tiny. Or it could be that Butch owned the family they belong to first, and that one day while he was flying about the garden looking for a choice worm or two, he bumped into Tiny, who didn't have a fish bone to his name. "Come along in and meet the folks," is probably what Butch said to Tiny if that is the way they met. Well, no matter, the important thing is that they are the best of friends today.

They have a job to do. They take care of the victory garden for their family. It works out very well, as Tiny can crawl around under the bushes, chasing off any troublesome moles or gophers that might eat up the vegetables, while Butch gets after the little bugs and worms that can ruin a garden in no time if they are not made unwelcome. They are a case of good teamwork plus mutual affection. If you look at their picture you will see that they are an extremely good-looking Mixed Family, and if you knew them personally, you could be positive that no one will ever make off with a carrot or a radish, while Tiny and Butch are policing the Family garden.

Another interesting case of Mixing Animals concerns a little monkey named Blondie. Blondie has been adopted by the people who run the Animal Rescue League. Lots of young puppies who get lost are brought over to Blondie's to wait for their folks to come

and get them.

The little puppy she is comforting in the picture looks pretty downhearted, but Blondie will have him wagging his tail in no time. "Don't worry," she is saying, "My folks and I will take care of you until your family come. Now you just take a drink of water. You'll feel better and then you and I will have a romp!"

If you were to ask Blondie just how many animal friends she has, she wouldn't be able to count them. But there are dozens of little puppies to whom "Monkey Business" means good-hearted Blondie cheering them up when they were worried and unhappy.

So don't be astonished if your cat should bring home a mouse pal or you find a baby chicken sleeping in your puppy's basket; it has happened before, and owning a mixed Animal Family is lots of fun.



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UNCLE WIGGILY

